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TERMS:

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THE UNITED COMMUNITIES.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles south of Oneida and a few rods from the Depot of the Midland Railroad. Number of members, 205. Land, 654 acres. Business, Manufacture of Hardware and Silk goods, Printing the CIRCULAR, Horticulture, &c. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one and one-fourth miles north of O. C. Number of members, 19. Business, Manufactures.

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of the Hartford and New Haven Railroad. Number of members, 45. Land, 228 acres. Business, Publishing, Job Printing, Manufactures, and Horticulture.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and Branches are not "Free Lovers," in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system BIBLE COMMUNISM or COMPLEX MARRIAGE, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to Free Criticism and the principles of Male Continence. In respect to permanency, responsibility, and every essential point of difference between marriage and licentiousness, the Oneida Communists stand with marriage. Free Love with them does *not* mean freedom to love to-day and leave to-morrow; nor freedom to take a woman's person and keep their property to themselves; nor freedom to freight a woman with offspring and send her down stream without care or help; nor freedom to beget children and leave them to the street and the poor-house. Their Communities are *families*, as distinctly bounded and separated from promiscuous society as ordinary households. The tie that binds them together is as permanent and sacred, to say the least, as that of marriage, for it is their religion. They receive no new members (except by deception or mistake), who do not give heart and hand to the family interest for life and forever. Community of property extends just as far as freedom of love. Every man's care and every dollar of the common property are pledged for the maintenance and protection of the women and children of the Community.

ADMISSIONS.

These Communities are constantly receiving applications for admission which they have to reject. It is difficult to state in any brief way all their reasons for thus limiting their numbers; but some of them are these: 1. The parent Community at Oneida is full. Its buildings are adapted to a certain number, and it wants no more. 2. The Branch-Communities, though they have not attained the normal size, have as many members as they can well accommodate, and must grow in numbers only as they grow in capital and buildings. 3. The kind of men and women who are likely to make the Communities grow, spiritually and financially, are scarce, and have to be sifted out slowly and cautiously. It should be distinctly understood that these Communities are not asylums for pleasure seekers or persons who merely want a home and a living. They will receive only those who are very much in earnest in religion. They have already done their full share of labor in criticising and working over raw recruits, and intend hereafter to devote themselves to other jobs (a plenty of which they have on hand), receiving only such members as seem likely to help and not hinder their work. As candidates for Communism multiply, it is obvious that they cannot all settle at Oneida and Wallingford. Other Communities must be formed; and the best way for earnest disciples generally is to work and wait, till the Spirit of Pentecost shall come on their neighbors, and give them Communities right where they are.

EARTH'S JOURNEY.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Father, thou knowest best,
This thought is all my stay;
I see but just the step ahead,
Thou knowest all the way.

To me, as on I walk,
The way seems all obscure,
But thou wilt guide my trembling feet,
And make my footsteps sure.

E'en though the darkness fails,
And hides the path from view,
Thy rod and staff direct me still,
And will my strength renew.

Father, the way seems long,
My strength is very weak,
Support me still by thy right hand,
And words of comfort speak.

THE CHARIOT OF FIRE.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

THERE are two kinds of suffering, or two results from suffering, clearly defined by Paul: the sorrow of the world which worketh death, and godly sorrow which worketh repentance unto life. In one case the suffering results in a movement toward life, and in the other in a movement toward death. There is movement in both cases; we go either up or down every time we suffer. If we soften under trials we move toward God; but if they harden us, we are carried nearer to death and the devil by every judgment that comes upon us.

The philosophy of suffering and its effect on those who go the right way seems to be this: All suffering consists essentially in decomposition. We suffer when a knife is put through our flesh, that is, by the separation of one part from another; by the division of our life, or division from that in which our life has existed. This is the nature of bodily suffering, and the same is true of spiritual suffering. Let the scalpel of God—the truth—enter into our hearts and begin to decompose our connection with the devil, and there will be suffering; there will be suffering on both sides; our spirits will suffer, and the spirit we are separated from will suffer; one will go one way, and the other the other way. There must be suffering in decomposition; and decomposition is necessary to save us, because there is in the first condition of human nature the false combination of a spirit that belongs to God and a spirit that belongs to the devil. Suffering is therefore the signal and symptom of our spirits moving on their way toward God. "Nearer, my God, to thee," is our motto, and suffering is the sign of our journeying. So we can rejoice in tribulation. Let us call it our chariot of fire.

I confess that I find myself steadily moving toward life. I suffer from time to time, and as trials seem to thicken, becoming sharper and more decisive, I am conscious of moving nearer to God and the heavenly world. I find my heart drawn out by suffering, in the ascending

direction, and am sensible, in such experience, of approach toward a world of good beings.

I wish every man and every woman would believe as I do that there are loving and lovely beings in the spiritual world whom they can have fellowship with and turn their hearts to, and perceive drawing near to them. They would feel rich, if they could believe that; rich in all they are fond of, and very independent of any other love. To be sure, in approaching this invisible sphere, there is danger of the intercepting of evil spirits. But we are certain that the kingdom of heaven is coming on earth, which means that there will be open communication between this world and the angelic world. Men and women in this world will commune with men and women of that world. Nothing less than that is coming, and we must open our hearts to that fellowship. Love in that direction connects itself with our highest aspirations and hopes, with our loyalty to God and hope of eternal life.

It is nothing but unbelief really that is between us and the spiritual world. Unbelief is indeed a tough bull's-hide that interposes an almost impenetrable veil. Still the power of a magnet will work through a bull's-hide; and so the power of love will work through unbelief, and finally destroy it. Unbelief, which is the devil himself, the great tormentor of the universe, is to be destroyed by *love*. The coming together into absolute unity of the visible and invisible churches will cut unbelief in pieces, as anything is severed with a pair of shears. When God's time comes, the unity of his family will dissolve all other obstructing unities. Wherever his children are, in hades or in this world, in Swedenborg's hells or in the insane hospitals, they will forsake every other combination for combination with one another. Time is nothing to them, and space is nothing to them. They will come together from all ages and from all spheres; nothing can keep them apart; but whatever gets between them will be cut asunder.

BACKWARD GLANCINGS.

VIII.

THE letters which J. received while at home from his Perfectionist friends at New Haven and elsewhere were read by us with intense interest. The writers, Dutton, Boyle, Stillman and others, were full of the "new wine of the kingdom," and their letters glowed with the enthusiasm of new-born converts. They spoke with such assurance of faith and hope, and quoted the language of Paul and John with such boldness and self-appropriation, that all half-way, sinful religion seemed a mockery and counterfeit. To their enraptured view everything betokened

the speedy downfall of Satan and the kingdoms of this world, and the incoming of the reign of Christ and his people. One topic of special interest to J., in this correspondence, was the establishment at New Haven of a paper that should lift on high the banner of holiness, and be an exponent of the new faith. It was during the latter part of his stay with us that he wrote the Introduction to the new paper.

It was at this time also that he heard from friends at New Haven of the apostasy of several leading Perfectionists there—Mr. E. Benjamin, A. Merwin, her brother, and several others who had been among the foremost converts to holiness from the Free Church at New Haven. This defection was at the time hailed by its enemies far and near as a death-blow to Perfectionism.

Early in August J. returned to New Haven. Before he left, however, two little incidents happened which changed his relations to the church in Putney, and ultimately opened the way to his holding independent meetings, and gathering about him a circle of believers, whose steadfast faith and unbroken unity in the end more than made good the defections at New Haven. The first incident occurred in the old red school-house where I first went to school. At a small conference meeting held there, which J. attended, as was his wont—"walking in all the ordinances of the church blameless" up to this time—the aged deacon asked him to make some remarks. J. complied, but studiously avoided saying anything to provoke controversy, confining himself to remarks on the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," in terms not at all unusual in "New Measure" churches. While speaking, Mr. G., a prominent church member, rose, and with much excitement said, he "thought it very improper for Mr. Noyes to introduce his new doctrines in their meeting when he knew they were very much opposed to them." J. replied that he "did not know that the 'exceeding sinfulness of sin,' was a *new* doctrine in the church." Mr. G. appealed to the deacon, and he decided that J. was out of order. Thus publicly silenced in the church, J. considered himself in effect excommunicated. He withdrew quietly from their fellowship, but did not hold independent meetings till some months after, on his second visit to Putney. It is but fair to Mr. G. to say that some years after, he voluntarily apologized to J. for his treatment of him in this affair, and said it had lain on his conscience ever since.

The other incident was one that helped to open the door for free discussion, and for the presentation of the truth outside of our family. Having an errand at the blacksmith's shop one day, Silas Morgan, the blacksmith, a zealous, free-spoken, combative Methodist, in some way started a discussion on the subject of holiness. J. took out his little Polyglot Bible from his pocket, and answered him so effectively and showed such thorough familiarity with the Bible, that the man was silenced and astonished. He became from this interview exceedingly interested in J.'s conversation and doctrines, finally embraced them, and did much afterwards in starting free meetings, and getting J. to

preach in Putney and the neighboring villages, and in procuring subscriptions for the forthcoming paper.

"THOSE EARLY DAYS."

II.

BY W. H. W.

I HAVE spoken of Mr. Warren as an eloquent preacher; he was also full of wit, and had a great fund of anecdotes, and a happy faculty of interspersing them in his conversations and discourses. He used to relate with great *éclat* the following incident that occurred in the early days of New York Perfectionism, and in his own neighborhood. The scene was in an orthodox meeting, and the minister was dwelling on the miserable condition of the sinner who should die without repentance. "There will be no sabbaths there," said the minister in solemn, impressive tones—"there will be no sanctuary privileges there—there will be no ministers there." No sooner had these last words escaped the preacher's lips than a startling interruption came, and the voice of an irreverent New York Perfectionist sounded out, "*Y-e-s t-h-e-r-e w-i-l-l.*"

To Mr. Warren's other gifts was added that of a fine voice for singing, and he produced a thrilling effect in the first meeting he held in Belchertown by standing up and singing alone, "The Star of Bethlehem."

Mr. Warren's preaching did not, however, result in a permanent awakening, and I am not aware that any genuine converts to Perfectionism were made by his efforts. His preaching, though popular and pungent, was characterized by what is termed "pulling down" rather than by edification. He could lay bare the sins of the churches with a master-hand, but he failed in the more important work of feeding the flock of Christ with the true bread of life. The Belchertown believers had learned that the Putney publications furnished the green pastures and the living waters for hungering souls, and had come to regard Mr. Noyes as a true shepherd. And so Mr. W.'s preaching, though it served to entertain and enliven them, had no effect to alienate the little band from Mr. Noyes or produce any disrelish for the solid, soul-satisfying food the Putney paper supplied; and this may not have been intended.

The Perfectionist meetings were free, informal, social gatherings, unless they were favored with visits from men accustomed to public speaking. I first saw Mr. Noyes in one of these meetings, and though it was before my conversion, I well remember his manner and the subject-matter of his discourse. His manner was quite in contrast with that of Mr. Warren, as was also the matter of his discourse. He stood in front of the desk with Bible in hand, and while his discourse was eloquent and earnest there was no attempt at oratorical display or mere sensational effect. It was a plain and forcible presentation of the doctrine of the atonement; and though the discourse was so purely doctrinal the attention of the audience was firmly held by the speaker from the beginning to the end. One sentence that stuck in my mind was this: "The net of salvation is spread

over the whole world, but men can dig out of it into hell if they choose." This seemed well calculated to preclude any imputation of Universalism, which some parts of the discourse might have suggested.

The next year after Mr. Warren's labors in Belchertown Mr. H. W. Burnham and family removed there from Northern Vermont. Mr. B. was a young man who had been trained as a preacher in the New-Measure school, under the shining lights of that time, but whose orbit had been somewhat eccentric, taking him through an experience of Millerism or Second Adventism as he made the transition to Perfectionism. Mr. B.'s Millerism could not bear the light of the New Testament doctrine of the Second Coming as explained by Mr. Noyes, and he passed through a revolution that was to him an end of the old world and the beginning of a new world, spiritually if not literally. Mr. B. labored in Belchertown for about two years in the double capacity of harness-maker and pastor, when he was invited to make Putney his permanent residence.

CAN CHARACTER BE CHANGED?

Thoreau says, in his "Walden:"

"I confess, that practically speaking, when I have learned a man's real disposition, I have no hopes of changing it for the better or worse in this state of existence. As the Orientals say, 'A cur's tail may be warmed, and pressed, and bound round with ligatures, and after a twelve years' labor bestowed upon it, still it will retain its natural form.'"

This is a clear, open confession of what is undoubtedly the opinion of a large part of mankind even among the churches, but its utter falsity can readily be shown. Thoreau himself, in speaking of the influence of railroads, a few pages in advance of the above confession, says:

"The startings and arrivals of the cars are now the epochs in the village day. They go and come with such regularity and precision, and their whistle can be heard so far, that the farmers set their clocks by them, and thus one well conducted institution regulates a whole country. Have not men improved somewhat in punctuality since the railroad was invented? Do they not talk and think faster in the depot than they did in the stage-office? There is something electrifying in the atmosphere of the former place. I have been astonished at the miracles it has wrought; that some of my neighbors, who, I should have prophesied once for all, would never get to Boston by so prompt a conveyance, are on hand when the bell rings. To do things 'railroad fashion' is now the by-word; and it is worth while to be warned so often and so sincerely by any power to get off its track."

This confession completely upsets the former one. Thoreau himself admits that even a human agency like the railroad is capable of changing men's dispositions, of making those punctual who before were always behind time; of making them think faster. He is astonished at the miracles wrought in this very respect. But if the railroad is able to do all this, what shall be said of the capabilities of religion—of God's spirit in regard to improving character? Religion is an agency designed for this very object, and no one who studies the history of its revivals and conversions can avoid believing in the great and lasting changes of character it has produced. The hearts of hard and selfish men and women have been softened and filled with unselfish

love. All must have witnessed such changes. But more wonderful still are the results effected by God's special providences in refining character. How many parents have their dispositions, their characters, and their entire careers, changed by the death of a favorite child? There is a constant and stern criticism of this kind going on in the world, the effect of which cannot be easily estimated, and must not be ignored. It must be remembered, too, that the changes we have pointed out are produced in the face of such direct unbelief as Thoreau has expressed. We can scarcely imagine the rapid improvement which will take place when men are converted on this point and taught to believe in God's power to save them from the evil tendencies of their natural dispositions. We ought eagerly to seize on this faith, for if we cannot be changed and improved what hope have we of being finally saved?

F. W. S.

AN IMMORTAL PICTURE OF CONTRITION.

MARY MAGDALENE standing at the feet of Christ, lavishly pouring on them the costly ointment, bathing them with her burning tears, and wiping them with her hair, her heart broken in repentance and love, presented a spectacle of contrition at which Christ was pleased, and over which the angels of heaven rejoiced. But those around saw only the woman laden with sin, and conventionally looked upon as an outcast. Blinded by egotism, puffed up with pride, righteous in their own eyes, they sat complacently in the presence of Christ, the holy one, and in their self-righteousness ignored their own sinfulness, and saw only the imagined exceeding sinfulness of this poor bowed-down woman. What a commentary on the egotism and spiritual blindness of the world!

They saw her only as a "fallen woman." She probably had accepted their harsh, unjust judgment, and looked at them as not in condemnation with herself. Bleeding at heart, broken in spirit, completely melted at the mercy and love of Christ, to whose voice she had listened in awakening hope, and whom she had tremblingly followed, at last, in the agony of her new-found faith and the birth in her heart of the apprehension of forgiveness and salvation for even such as she, the fullness of her great heart of love burst the bonds of conventional formalit, and like a little child she stood at the feet of him in whom she had found a Savior, and lavished upon him the wealth of her now purified love. To the other sinners gathered around Christ, her approach to him and his reception of her are so contrary to their established canons of propriety, that in their egotism and spiritual obtuseness they sit in judgment even on him; and one of their number, the chief Pharisee and host, in his unbelief, mentally exclaims, "This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him; for she is a sinner."

Christ discovered the thoughts of their hearts. He saw the judgment of the world passed on the poor weak, erring woman.

There sat the Pharisee, rich in worldly goods, self-righteous in spirit, esteeming himself acceptable to God. There stood the outcast woman, convicted of sin, contrite in spirit, repentantly looking to Christ for mercy and forgiveness. To Christ the hardness of the Pharisee's heart and the softness and brokenness of the woman's were the points of estimate. The Pharisee loved little; the woman much. He, out of his abundance, had bestowed a mere trifle; she, in the richness of her heart, gave all that she had. He received Christ formally; she came humbly into his presence, and, as an expression of her contrition and love and faith, knelt at his feet, gave them kisses, anointed them with precious ointment, wept tears of contrition and love on them, and in the unconsciousness of innocence and simplicity wiped them with her hair. Her spirit had been sunk low in sinfulness, but now her great heart had found its true love, and at his feet she stood and penitently pleaded.

Christ saw only the bruised, broken, repentant spirit, and looking on the sublime outpouring of her sincerity and love, administering to the Pharisee a lesson of divine rebuke, and confounding the by-standers, he pronounces the merciful judgment of God on the woman, as he says to her—"Thy sins are forgiven; thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace." She had sinned much, but as she loved much, she was forgiven all. Under the influence of the devil her heart had been used as a whip to her spirit, and through it she had gone out to man instead of to God. Now, restored to life, the devil cast out of her, and her heart controlled of God, she sees in Christ the true beloved One. And throughout all her subsequent career, we see her sitting at the feet of Christ like a little child, drinking in instruction from his lips, following him, last at the cross, first at the sepulcher, and the chosen one to announce his resurrection.

Along down the ages and from on high the voice of Christ still says to the woman repentant of social sin—"Thy sins are forgiven thee; thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace." And the glorified spirit of Mary Magdalene stands before us, pointing to her imperishable memorial as an immortal picture of contrition, upon which we all, especially such as have tasted of sin as she did, may look and learn the lesson which it inculcates.

New York City.

M. L. B.

From the Newark Evening Courier.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

A Peculiar Sect—Interesting Particulars of Their Mode of Living.

The main difference between this remarkable organization and the general Christian household seems to be that the Oneida family consists of some 200 members instead of two. It is founded on a fervent belief in the divinity of Christ, and in a conviction that the world as urgently needs reformation in a marital as in a spiritual sense. The fact that Mr. Noyes, its founder, has been enabled to collect and keep together for a period of over 25 years some 200 persons, and to establish a society whose harmonious action has been uninterrupted, shows that he must be a man of extraordinary magnetic and intellectual endowments. When it is a sadly notorious fact that scarcely a family in the country ever lives together without serious bickerings and misunderstandings, such a fact as the above seems little short of miraculous.

No man ever yet attempted to change the existing condition of things without being subjected to persecution. In fact, persecution seems to be one of the most natural propensities of human nature. Galileo, Socrates, Dr. Jenner, John Huss, Luther, the Wesleys, and no end of others, were compelled to undergo the severest ordeals, and it is not to be expected, therefore, that John H. Noyes should be permitted to live at ease. That the man is entirely imbued with a profound sense of the degradation of the masses, and of the imperative need of spiritual and social guides to lead to higher planes of existence, no one who reads his books, or who beholds the fruits of his labors, can for a moment doubt.

Almost the first thing that strikes the outsider on visiting the settlement at Oneida is the intensely earnest and thoughtful look peculiar to all the adult members. They form the exact antipodes of our modern fashionable society. Like that model republic a bee-hive, each one seems to be always at work in his allotted sphere, and yet no one appears to be urged nor to need urging. The children are rosy-cheeked and evidently happy, while their manners are infinitely superior to those of the pampered nurslings who form the horror of the visitors and keepers of our fashionable summer hotels. Exquisite cleanliness abounds everywhere, and their houses and gardens form a perfect little paradise. The most repulsive feature which strikes the eye of the visitor is the garb of the women, which consists of the bloomer costume, and the same pattern of goods is used for the entire dress—pants, skirt, basque and all. No latitude whatever is given for the display of feminine taste, and the only variety consists in a difference of pattern. The *cuisine* of the Community is not surpassed by any hotel in the country, and their bread and butter, etc., are simply nectareous. They have a charming reading-room and extensive library, in which all the sciences and standard poets and novelists are represented, while their family gathering place is a miniature theater of the most approved style. Here every evening adults and children alike cluster about tables arranged in the parquet, and, while the women sew, the musicians or lecturers of the family entertain the household with songs, lectures or readings. Nothing can be more pleasant or cheerful than these gatherings, and in the Winter time, when they get up Shakespearean plays, the people for miles around are glad to avail themselves of such intellectual treats. The Community is universally respected by the inhabitants of the neighboring farms and villages, as the family scrupulously avoid all dealings save of a business character with the outside world.

In regard to misrepresentation, perhaps there never was a more aggravating instance than the following by Hepworth Dixon, in relation to Mr. Noyes. In relating, upon a certain occasion, his religious experience previous to establishing the Community, Mr. Noyes remarked:

"In my night excursions I was sometimes led into the vilest parts of the city. I went alone at midnight into streets which I had been told were dangerous even in the daytime. I descended into cellars where abandoned men and women were gathered, and talked familiarly with them about their way of life, beseeching them to believe on Christ that they might be saved from their sins. They listened to me without abuse. One woman seemed much affected. I gave her a Bible. To another I gave a Testament. Sometimes when I had money I gave that to the wretches I found in those dark places. These were the only dealings I had with them."

The above noble testimony, which would reflect glory upon any man, was distorted by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, an English writer, into the following: "He had been chaste in his habits, regular in his hours of sleep, but now he began to stay out all night, wander about the quays, to lie in doorways, to visit infamous houses, and to consort with courtesans and thieves."

This was again "reconstructed" by an American sensational writer, and went the rounds of the press in the following shape:

"He had led a life of chastity and regularity. Now he gave himself up to licentiousness and riotous living. He became a vagabond. He was a companion of courtesans and thieves, and was a regular visitor to houses of ill-fame."

Such are the ghouls who sometimes go by the name of literary men and writers for the press. In regard to their marital relations, the Oneida Community believe that there is such a thing as social intercourse as well as procreative intercourse, and that so long as the former is carried on in a spirit

of self control, within the limits of the family, it is as innocent as the latter. Within the past three years they have added another idea to their doctrine entitled "scientific propagation," which they obtained from the works of Darwin and other writers concerning stock raising. From the most insignificant beginnings they have risen to the most remarkable commercial prosperity. Their ruling idea is self-control.

AUGUSTUS WATTERS.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

WM. A. HINDS, EDITOR.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1872.

AN APPLICANT ANSWERED.

Chicago, Sept. 19th, 1872.

EDITOR "CIRCULAR," When I visited you last summer I forgot one thing and that was to ask you to give me the direction or address of those persons that have proposed to join your society, so that I may have chance to write to them, and see if it could be possible some where to start a new branch on the same principle as yours.—I think you would do a good thing by helping others on in this good course. As far as I know there is none here in Chicago that would join, but there may be some other places, and I should like to write to them. I would do anything and go any where if I only could be so happy as to live in such peaceable and quiet a life as you do. By including every thing the world would have a benefit of it. Well, I sha'n't trouble you more at present, as I am a poor writer in English.

Please write as soon as possible and give me the direction of some of those persons.

Put the letter in the included envelop.

Yours respectfully

We have no reason to question your motives in asking for a list of our applicants; but we still consider it our duty to deny your request.

1. We have no right to do otherwise—no right to assume that our correspondents are willing to be introduced to persons of whose character we know very little or nothing at all. That kind of brokerage strikes us as neither honorable nor profitable.

2. If there were in our minds no such general and insurmountable objection to giving you the names of our applicants, we should still refuse to do so for two cogent reasons:—first, that you are manifestly unfit to take the lead in any such enterprise. You have neither the intellectual nor the spiritual qualifications for it. You could only add another to the long list of Community failures. Second, we have looked over the letters of our applicants, and have to confess that quite a number seem to have as inadequate an idea of the conditions of successful Communism as yourself, and to be as ready as you are to risk all where nothing can be gained. We are certain that the best interests of our cause require that we should take no pains to introduce such people to one another.

We know very well that our motives will be misunderstood, and that many will accuse us of illiberality, and some perhaps of selfishness. These things we must endure as best we can: they will not turn us from what seems clearly to us the course of wisdom. We may perhaps best explain this course by an illustration:

Let us suppose that thousands were so anxious to behold the New World, after Columbus carried back to Europe the news of his great discovery, that they were ready to attempt a passage of the Atlantic in any kind of craft that offered, and without any fair conception of its difficulties and dangers. In such circumstances the duty of the great discoverer would have been plain, namely, to give a truthful account of the perils of the passage, and lift his voice of warning against all expeditions that promised only disaster. It would have been his duty to say in unmistakable language, the voy-

age is a long and dangerous one; and only vessels constructed of the best materials, fully equipped and provisioned, and guided by the highest nautical wisdom, will be likely to reach the New World; and to describe the obstacles to be encountered by the successful voyagers after reaching that world. He would hardly have transcended his duty if he had counseled that for a time all expeditions sailing westward should be placed under the guidance of those who had participated in the great discovery. Well, the New World of Communism has been discovered. It is a veritable Eldorado, full of beauty and priceless gems. Already intelligence of this great discovery has gone abroad, and excited universal interest. Multitudes have resolved to share in its glories. Their enthusiasm is unbounded. They see no difficulties, fear no dangers. They are ready to jump aboard of any vessel, bound for the new land, without inquiring whether it be properly constructed for such a voyage, or is well provisioned, or has a good crew, or a competent commander. It so happens that we understand the difficulties of this voyage, and know what kind of vessel and crew and commander are required to make it successful; and we should stifle our deepest instincts did we remain silent, when we see people attempting such an ocean voyage in skiffs and scows and junks that are only fit for the smallest streams, with no adequate supply of stores, and with wholly inexperienced crews, and with incompetent commanders; for we know that they are liable to shipwreck and mutiny on the passage, and to the miseries of discontent, rebellion and corruption afterward.

Do you ask us to drop our illustration, and tell you plainly what sort of men we think are necessary to make another Oneida Community? We answer, Just such men as are described in last week's CIRCULAR and in the present No. under the heading, "All-Forsaking Earnestness"—men of intellectual and business ability, who yet can hear the call of God, and having heard it will obey it whatever the consequences. Look about you and note the men of most substantial character—men of soundest judgment, of strongest principles—men who command respect by their general uprightness; and you will see the kind of men that will make a successful Community. They are the men who everywhere form the nucleus of good society.

The Oneida Community is the result of the strictest application of the principle of selection. In the first place, the doctrine of Holiness swept through the churches of New England and New York, singling out here and there the most advanced religionists; then came persecution, and a consequent "falling away" of the less earnest souls; the development later of our social principles led to the breaking up of the Putney Community and made our cause everywhere one of reproach, and of course drove from it many who loved the praise of men more than the praise of God. In forming the Oneida Community even those who were left of the original believers after all this experience, or who had later become believers, were not taken at random. Our principles of subordination one to another and of mutual criticism kept out many who would otherwise have cast in their lot with us. And thus it is seen that the material of which this Community was originally formed had been thoroughly tested. The Burts and Hamiltons and Kinsleys and Barrons and Kelloggs and others, were not only men of power and influence in their several localities, but their faith had been "purified so as by fire."

And here we may as well say, that the simple reason why we don't start a new Community is, that we cannot spare from our present Communities such men as we have described, and we have

no sufficient evidence that any large number of the five hundred persons who have made application to join us within the past five years are of that character. We are ready to take the initiative in such an undertaking so soon as there is an abundance of what seems to us suitable material, and not till then if never. We do not ask that a Community shall be entirely composed of such men and women as we have described; but we do insist that there shall be enough of that class to control and give character to it.

We would not judge harshly those who seek admission to our Community or urge us to help them form other Communities; but certainly the great majority of applicants have no adequate conception of what they seek. Some are disgusted with their present circumstances, and desire a change; others are weak and sickly, and find themselves unable to succeed in life's battle; others have aged relations for whom they wish to provide a good home; others have failed in business and "know not what to do;" others find no congenial society where they are; others fancy we have a social paradise, and would like to enjoy it with us, and so on and so forth. For every letter of the right character we have ten indicating that the writers are superficial or pleasure-seeking or woefully ignorant. If we had at command as many people of these sorts as could stand on a forty-acre lot, all clamoring for Communism, and no others, we would not try to form a new Community. We verily believe and shall continue to affirm that in our judgment it is utter folly to attempt to bring other than earnest, God-fearing men and women into the close relations of Communism; and hence, as stated by Mr. Noyes in his "History of American Socialisms," while Communities may be occasionally formed here and there by careful selection and special good fortune, we must depend, for the general spread of Communism, on such manifestations of the power of God as occur in great revivals, or on the gradual leavening of existing churches by the Pentecostal Spirit.

THE OTHER SIDE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CIRCULAR:

Dear Sir—Your condemnation of the Mormon persecution and of the indorsement of that persecution by certain sections of the American press, especially the religious press, is certainly just. So far as the present Administration and the party it represents are responsible for that persecution, they certainly deserve criticism. This they have received in the severest form at the hands of the Supreme Court. You seem to think, however, that this criticism has not been accepted, and that cause exists for apprehension that there may yet be an attempt to throw it off and renew persecution, perhaps by means of a recast of the Supreme Court. Let me point you to several facts which appear to me to bear the other way.

1. The Republican party, at the Philadelphia Convention which renominated Grant, pronounced emphatically against such interference with the reserved rights of the people as was attempted in the Mormon persecution. In the platform of principles adopted at that convention is the following plank:

The Republican party propose to respect the rights reserved by the people to themselves as carefully as the powers delegated by them to the States and to the Federal Government. It disapproves of the resort to unconstitutional laws for the purpose of removing evils, by interference with rights not surrendered by the people to either the State or National Government.

This plank was unanimously voted by the Convention, was endorsed by President Grant and accepted by the Republican party throughout the whole country within a few weeks after the decision of the Supreme Court. Its terms are general, yet it fairly covers the Mormon case, and without di-

rect evidence to the contrary should be so understood.

2. The decision of the Supreme Court appears to have been unanimous, no dissenting opinion of any member of the Court having been promulgated. If this was the case, then the displacement of Chief Justice Chase could not in any way bring about a reversal of the decision. This could only be done by the removal of a *majority* of the Judges and the substitution of men known to be committed to the spirit of persecution. As the Judges can only be displaced by disability, impeachment or death, such an event is not likely to occur.

3. It is true the direct criticism of the Supreme Court has thus far been received in silence by the Administration, and in silence or with a grumble by the press. So far as the President is concerned his official time to speak will be in his annual message next December. So far as his acts are concerned the Mormon persecution has entirely ceased, and instead of persecution it is reported that a member of the Cabinet has been in friendly consultation with the Mormons in relation to the solution of the Indian problem.

I agree with you that full reparation should be made to the Mormons, and that the Government, people and press of the United States have still a great duty to perform in that direction. At the same time let us note all the favorable symptoms that the spirit of persecution has been broken.

Yours truly, THEO. L. PITT.

We gladly make room for the above communication. We are more than willing to publish anything indicating that the Republican Administration and party really acquiesce in the decision of the Supreme Court; and so of the Methodist Church. Some of its leaders, like Dr. Newman, have been very prominent in helping on the persecution of the Mormons; but the fact that the Methodist General Conference refused by a large majority to number him among its eight new Bishops, and that a leading Methodist paper has rebuked Bishop Haven for his too zealous advocacy of Grant's reelection, would indicate that the body as a whole hesitates to commit itself to a policy of sectarian persecution.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—The following paragraphs we take from the *Utica Herald's* account of the Oneida County fair:

About the finest exhibition of cattle at the fair, however, was made by the Oneida Community. They exhibited as fine a lot of Holstein cattle as we have seen in some time. Two bulls of this variety were large, sleek, noble-looking animals; while two cows, one two-year old and one one-year old heifer of the same variety, were wanting in none of those characteristics which please the eyes of stock connoisseurs. The Community also exhibited some fine bulls and cows of the Ayrshire breed.

If the Oneida Community exhibited the choicest breeds of cattle they also entered the rarest varieties of sheep. One variety, characterized by long, thick wool almost as fine and soft as down, was especially noticeable among the many other uncommon breeds which this society had on exhibition.

—The plant in the flower-garden which has attracted most attention this season is the *Colocasia* (*Caladium*) *Esculentum*—not on account of the beauty of its blossom, for that is inconspicuous enough, but on account of the size and character of its leaves and their peculiarly interesting veining. Some one has taken the pains to press and mount the largest specimen—2 feet 10 1-2 inches long and 2 feet wide—and it now hangs in the vestibule.

—Mr. Pitt has returned from a three months'

agency trip in the West. Although this was his first experience as an agent, he had rare success in getting orders for our various wares.

—The Albany *Argus* publishes a letter from Hanover, Germany, in which it is stated that Her Serene Highness Princess Alexandrowna Troubescheneff, whose maiden name was Stratoneroskoff, was to sail from Bremen the 5th inst. on the New York steamer, with the intention of going to America to join the Oneida Community near Utica, in this State. If this report be correct Her Serene Highness must already have arrived on our shores, and, escaping interviewers, gone *incog.* to her place of destination. This is an interesting piece of fashionable or court gossip, and our Republican people will be curious to ascertain more about it.—*New York Herald.*

It does not surprise us much that Royalty should be anxious to avail itself of the blessings of Communism, but, not to keep society in unnecessary suspense, we may say that the Princess Alexandrowna Troubescheneff, *née* Stratoneroskoff, has not yet arrived at our door. Indeed, we should hope to have some slight notice of the coming princess in order that by fore-practice we might be able to pronounce her name with something like tolerable grace. If all the distinguished people of Europe are to hasten to visit us on their arrival in this country, we shall have to make the CIRCULAR a kind of Court Journal in order to satisfy the devouring curiosity of the public.

—Among our guests last week was Mr. Thomas de Meschin, of Inner Temple, London, whom we found to be a gentleman of close observation and very general information. We ascertained that Mr. de Meschin is a member of the English Bar and one of the committee of the British Association. Upon conversing with this gentleman we also found that he had resided some time in Rome, and invited him to give us a lecture about Italy, which he very kindly consented to do and made it the means of conveying to us some very interesting information relative to that old empire. He conveyed to our minds a decided impression that the present government must fail through its financial difficulties, and that Garibaldi's party will ultimately form a republican government.

—In the course of the lecture upon "Italy," which was delivered to us by our English visitor, the speaker gave some description of Naples two days after the recent eruption of Vesuvius; whereupon H. J. S., our famous agriculturist and utilitarian, inquired if the ashes thrown from the crater might not contain fertilizing properties and have an effect to enrich the soil wherever applied. This characteristic question started N. upon a vein of investigation: Manure is certainly one of the indispensable products. Who knows but that the great globe itself, thoroughly pulverized and burned, might furnish as excellent a manure as has yet been discovered? Many persons have considerable faith in the idea that the world will be consumed by fire at the day of judgment; but has anybody thought of the vast residuum of valuable ashes which may be transported to some neighboring planet for the purpose of enriching its soil?

—Who has not yielded to the temptation to think others have carelessly or maliciously taken things, and afterwards been humiliated to find that they had been lost or mislaid in consequence of their own carelessness? This was at least the experience of R. the other day. He has charge of all the traveling trunks in the Community, and takes the greatest care to have on hand a key for each. On looking in the usual place a few days ago for his bunch of keys he saw no sign of it. R. maintained his accustomed good nature, but he felt sure that some one who wanted a single key had taken the whole bunch, and his zeal to recover it led him to make very public his loss; for if the missing keys could not be found he would have to procure

new ones, and perhaps they could not be obtained short of New York. He declaimed loud and long. If one ventured to inquire if he had looked carefully in his own room, he replied promptly, "Yes, everywhere." Finally one day, when R. stood in the midst of an interested circle talking about "those keys," one quietly remarked, "I saw such a bunch in one of your drawers not long since." "They are not there, I am sure," he answered; but was finally persuaded to make another search. In a few moments he returned holding aloft and shaking the identical bunch of keys! Great was the merriment at his expense. When silence was restored, some one ventured to say—"Perhaps you may find your lost file in the same way." "If I do," said R., "it will be the last time I open my mouth on this subject."

—The late Professor Upham, whom we had many reasons for knowing to be a warm friend to the Community, had a rare gift for poetical expression upon heart themes. How true and beautiful the following lines are let those who have had a faith experience say;

I sat me down in earth's benighted vale,
And had no courage and no strength to rise;
Sad, to the passing breeze I told my tale,
And bowed my head and drained my weeping eyes.

But Faith came by, and took me by the hand;
And now the valleys rise, the mountains fall:
Welcome the stormy sea, the dangerous land!
With Faith to aid me, I can conquer all.

Here is another scrap from the last work which Professor Upham prepared, showing that he knew the happiness of "Going Home:—"

I cannot be alone;
Where'er I go I find
Around my steps the presence thrown
Of the Eternal Mind.

He lives in all my thoughts;
His home is in my heart;
There is no loneliness for me,
I never live apart.

I sometimes go from men,
Far in the silent woods;
But He is with me even then
In shady solitudes.

The fellow of my walks,
Companion ever nigh,
He fills the solitary place
With love and sympathy.

Z.—I wish you would set me at work at something!

N.—If a child that was inclined to be left-handed should ask me to give it something to do, I might say, "I don't like to do that, because I am afraid you will take hold of it with your left hand."

Z.—But how does that apply to me?

N.—It applies pretty well. We have two natures, an exterior nature and an interior nature; an exterior will and an interior will; exterior perceptions and interior perceptions. One of these natures is the left hand and the other the right hand. Now I am a little afraid if I give you something to do, you will take hold of it with your left hand.

—The subject of ventilation was the subject of a pretty free ventilation in one of our late evening meetings. The discussion was introduced by the reading of a paper entitled "Dangerous Ventilation." In it was stated the fact that one of the children had a slight attack of croup while sleeping in a room where two windows were open, and that another child had suffered through similar exposure. While the writer would leave adults to run their own risks, he hoped that his doctrine respecting ventilation, so far as it respected the children, would be listened to. His doctrine is, "that to live in a warm house all day, and then sleep in a room like

an open barn at night, is utterly absurd and dangerous."

In the discussion that followed, reference was made to the popular fallacy that warm air is necessarily impure and cold air necessarily pure; also to the fact that our great building is thoroughly ventilated with warm air in winter, and that large volumes of air are constantly crowding into the halls and corridors, and consequently any communication between these and private rooms gives all-sufficient ventilation.

Some allusion was made to the germ theory, and it was intimated that miasmatic germs are probably produced in great abundance during the heats of summer, and therefore must be specially abundant in early autumn, while they are probably destroyed or rendered dormant by the frosts of late autumn and winter. It follows that exposure during the first period may be more dangerous than even in mid-winter.

Taking the spiritual view of the subject, it was maintained that such malignant powers as get their comfort and propagate themselves by nesting in human beings, like croup, dysentery, rheumatism, all of them servants of the prince of the power of the air, are particularly active during the night when human activity and vigilance is relaxed in sleep, and that these powers find easy access to us through open windows.

Something was said by way of illustrating the fanatical extremes to which the ventilation theory has in some instances been carried. One lady spoke of her two boys being ventilation-bitten, and of the danger of their being frost-bitten in consequence. She said she had known them to sleep where the cold winds of winter were blowing into their room through two open windows, compelling them to lie under a mountain of clothes that she was not able to lift. Finally, by way of illustrating the power of imagination, a story was told of two travelers who were sleeping together. One of them awoke in the night and remarked upon the closeness of the room, and his companion arose and felt around in the dark in search of a window. Upon finding what seemed to be one, he attempted to open it, but could not, and told his companion of his bad luck. "Break one of the panes—I will stand the bill," said his companion. A pane was accordingly broken. "How pleasant it is to breathe the fresh air," he said. "Suppose you break another pane. Now we are about it let us have all the air we want." Crash went another pane, and the two lodgers went to sleep, full of the enjoyment of the fresh air that they had so heroically secured. But it turned out that their host had designedly played a trick on them by putting them into a room where there were no outdoor windows, and they had in the darkness broken two panes of glass that belonged to a book-case.

ALL-FORSAKING EARNESTNESS.

II.

Evening Conversation at O. C. Sept. 23, 1872.

W. A. H.—Some persons have expressed a desire for the continuation of the conversation we had last Monday evening. It will be remembered that on that occasion a letter was read written by Mr. Noyes thirty-eight years ago, which was regarded as a somewhat remarkable illustration of the spirit of earnestness which then controlled him. The reading was followed by testimony from Messrs. Kinsley, Barron and Kellogg, showing that they had in those early days the same "all-forsaking earnestness" as their leader; showing also how they were finally led to sell their property, leave their friends and come here, in the spirit that the disciples had when they sold their possessions and laid the price at the apostles' feet. A great amount of such testimony might be called out, for there are among us many who were either whole-souled

believers in the leading doctrines of Perfectionism thirty or more years ago, or have since embraced the faith in the old spirit of earnestness.

H. W. Burnham.—I think it was in 1844 that I first saw *The Perfectionist*. My experience immediately preceding was marked by a desire for greater attainment in Christian life. I had earnestly prayed for salvation in a higher sense than was understood by the popular churches. In *The Perfectionist* I found the truth I sought; and it filled me with joy. I had similar experience in reading the pamphlet "Salvation from Sin" and other works by Mr. Noyes. They introduced me to the higher life for which I longed. I did not at once sever my connection with the churches; but I was earnest in my love of the Putney truth, and soon wrote a letter to Mr. Noyes which was published in *The Perfectionist*. Ere long I visited Putney. During my visit there I had a long conference with the brethren on the subject of the Second Coming, in which I brought up every objection that I could think of, in the spirit that desired to know the truth. That was the characteristic of my life at that time. I was ready to follow it without reference to any loss of reputation it might occasion. In that conversation I became thoroughly convinced that Mr. Noyes's views of the Second Coming were correct, and I accepted them most heartily. I have never had a doubt of their truth since. My faith on that subject has grown stronger and stronger until it has become a part of my being, as it were. I soon made a public confession of Christ a Savior from all sin through the paper, after which I had a very satisfactory experience—one in which I felt the presence of God's spirit in my heart as I never had before. It was not long before I became fully identified with Mr. Noyes and the Putney believers; and nothing has since occurred to break our unity.

Julius Hawley.—I lived ten miles from any believers, but the Lord gave me strength that enabled me to withstand all opposition. After the dispersion of the believers at Putney Mr. B—— and wife came to my house with the determination to draw me away from the truth and Mr. Noyes. They used every argument and inducement, and returned to the attack again and again, until I finally told them I would stick to Mr. Noyes and the truths he had proclaimed if I had to flee to the mountains and caves of the earth. Mr. B—— thereupon went to the door and had quite a groaning time, and Mrs. B—— said no more.

Mrs. E. Y. Joslyn.—I became acquainted with Mr. Noyes's writings in 1843. I had been long dissatisfied with my own experience and that of the church of which I was a member, and was seeking something better. For a year or two I had been looking here and there for something that I could build on for a sure foundation. I very soon became convinced that Mr. Noyes's doctrines were Bible doctrines—they satisfied my heart and desires. I was persuaded to confess Christ in me a Savior from all sin. This effected a great change in my spiritual condition. All doubt left me; I became established in the truth. When we were invited to come here, although there seemed to be many barriers in the way, I had courage to meet and overcome them all. I had brothers and sisters and a mother, strong Orthodox people, who were very much opposed to the doctrines which I had embraced. Two of my brothers were ministers, and they labored with me earnestly; told me I was ruining myself in embracing such heterodox principles, as they styled them; and my mother was in continual anxiety lest I should take some step which would be unpopular. But I had strength and courage to confess Christ in me a complete Savior, and was lifted above all fear of man. It mattered not that my brothers and sisters kept

trying to persuade me, that my departure from the church would lead me to ruin; all they said and wrote had no weight with me; for I knew that the doctrines I had embraced were Bible truths. We met with a great many obstructions in coming here, but everything had to give away. We saw clearly that we were following the truth. I never regretted for a moment the step we took, and have never doubted that this Community is under the special favor of God.

H. Thacker.—The doctrines of Holiness and Salvation from Sin first engaged my attention in 1836, from hearing what the Perfectionists believed. Taking the Bible, I searched it diligently, and was not long in becoming convinced of the truth of these doctrines. For some time I was unsettled in regard to the doctrines of the Origin of Evil and of the Second Coming held by the Perfectionists; but continued study of the Bible convinced me that these were also true; and when once convinced, it made no difference who opposed me. I was much interested in the Perfectionist Conventions held in this state in 1847, and especially in the Genoa Convention; but was away from home at that time, and so unable to attend it. I remember that on my return home I found the believers in a state of great excitement, and ready to start a Community at once. They thought I had lost a great deal by not being there. I told them no doubt I had, but we would wait and see how it resulted. Time passed on, and when the Community started here, I was the only man in the vicinity of my old home who was ready to join, and am still the only member of the Community from that place. This can only be explained by supposing that my old Perfectionist friends had not advanced as far as they supposed, and had passed lightly over points requiring thorough study, and so were easily turned back when difficulties presented themselves.

Then followed an interesting sketch by Mr. Woolworth of his early religious experience and of his connection with the Putney believers, which we omit in this connection lest we anticipate some things which will appear in due time in his serial about "Those Early Days." A single remark about his experience in Putney we may however insert here:

"I remember that the first thing I was called to do was to become thoroughly convinced that Mr. Noyes was an inspired man and had a mission. His discourses came home to the hearts of the hearers in a way that left no chance for questioning as to his inspiration; they were demonstrations of the Spirit and of power. The confidence established in the hearts of believers, by his mediumship of the truth and by his daily life, held them firmly when the dispersion came though it was unexpected."

H. W. B.—That is quite true. A belief in doctrines alone would not have held us through that trying experience. We needed such an assurance that our leader had a mission from heaven as personal acquaintance and intimate daily contact could alone give.

A NEWSPAPER GLANCE.

WEARY and warm (for the mercury stood at 90° in the shade) I entered the airy reading-room, and glancing over many papers and periodicals scattered here and there; my eyes rested on a paper with a showy heading and nearly a column of poetry on its first page. Now I am very fond of poetry, when it contains a good sentiment and is well charged with the sparkle of genius; and on the other hand, I have learned to be suspicious of newspapers in general; for they either harrow up my very soul with their recital of the acts of evil-doers, or feed me on politics until I am as poor,

metaphorically speaking, as a June shad. But, thought I, I can rest myself and read these pretty poems, and then leave off with my mind and soul as tranquil as a May morning.

The column of verse consisted of four or five poems by different authors; and they proved to be very good on the whole. The first had a smack of politics about it, so I passed it over. The next was a beautiful poem, entitled, "In Yosemite Valley, by Joaquin Miller." While I read, the sound of music from the distant Hall mingled with my thoughts, and for a moment I seemed to be transported to that wonderful valley, listening to the mingled roar of cataracts and the sighing of the wind in those gigantic pines. Here is one stanza:

"Sweep! Sweep! Sweep!
Oh, ye Heaven-born and deep,
In one dread unbroken chorus;
We may wander or may weep;
We may wait on God before us;
We may shout or lift a hand;
We may bow down and deplore us,
But may never understand."

The next was under the title of
"JERRY AND ME."

A clever poem, in which a good old dame is telling how her Jerry (an old salt) has left the sea on account of his age. She says:

"He sits by me, but most he walks
The door-yard for a deck;
An' sees the boat a-goin' out
Till she becomes a speck;
Then turns away his face as wet
As if she were a wreck."

Then followed a short and readable poem entitled, "The Menagerie," taken from *Appleton's Journal*, after which, for the finale, we have the following touching lines by H. H.:

LIFTED OVER.

"As tender mothers guiding baby steps,
When places come at which the puny feet would trip,
Lift up the little ones in arms
Of love and set them down beyond the harm,
So did our Father watch the precious boy,
Led over the stones by me, who stumbled oft
Myself, but strove to help my darling one.
He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw
Rough ways before us, where my arms would fail;
So reached from heaven, lifting the dear child
Who smiled in leaving me, He put him down
Beyond all hurt—beyond my sight—and bade
Him wait for me! Shall I not then be glad,
And thanking God, press on to overtake?"

Well, it was all very well, thus far; and my mind began to sweeten (if I may use the term) toward newspapers and editors in general, when I glanced at the next article following the poetry. Bah! it was a revolting account of a wicked act, set forth in all its horrible details. Why should the acts of the devil be given so much prominence and significance in our newspapers? If the editors would only hunt around and find the good there is a-going and spread that before their readers, parading it, magnifying it and exulting over it, the hope and faith of mankind might be increased right along. It is at least, thought I, in very bad taste to put the narrative of an horrible crime at the end of such beautiful poems. I threw that paper aside, and have not ventured to meddle with it since. *

ANYBODY'S HAND.

FROM AN OLD PORTFOLIO.

THE human hand! what an exceedingly intricate and delicate piece of mechanism! so complicated in its structure, and yet not an unnecessary shred of muscle! Beside me while I write lies a hand, dissected and preserved by a medical student. As I note the nerves, like slender strands of silk, the veins, so curiously ramified, running to the tips of the fingers, the great number and variety of the muscles, combining strength with flexibility, I acknowledge God the master-mechanic of the universe.

A friend, who has a *penchant* for comparative physiology, sometimes calls my attention to the

general similarity of the hand to the paws, claws and hoofs of animals. He brings pussy into the house and shows me that the five toes on her velvety paw are arranged upon a plan very much like that of my thumb and four fingers, with joints and muscles that give them many similar motions. The claws of the dainty white chickens that run so eagerly to pick up crumbs, as I shake the dinner table-cloth, he also compares with my hand. He even undertakes to show, with some degree of success, a general similarity between the human hand and the hoofs of the "patient oxen," as they stand at the door yoked to the heavily-laden cart.

How eagerly my friend calls me as some itinerant comes along with hand-organ and monkey! This is his best opportunity. Taking little "Mug" up in his arms, and spreading its brown (and to me) repulsive fore paw in his hand, he gives me a regular lecture *à la* Cuvier, showing me the astonishing resemblance between Mug's paw and the human hand. I grow more interested as, putting Mug down grinning with delight at the gift of a handful of peanuts, my friend soothes my offended dignity by telling me that even the great similarity between the human hand and the paws of a monkey or orang only shows more strongly by contrast the great superiority of the former.

"That which constitutes the *hand*, properly so called," says he, "is the faculty of opposing the thumb to the other fingers so as to seize upon the minutest objects. The thumbs on our hands can be brought in exact opposition to the extremities of all the other fingers, whether singly or in combination; while in oranges, monkeys and those animals which most approach man, the thumb is short and the fingers so much elongated that their tips can scarcely be brought into opposition, and the thumbs and fingers are so weak that they can never be opposed to each other with any degree of strength. The complication of muscles in the human hand, which gives it such strength and flexibility, renders it capable of education in the arts. With hands containing the same set of muscles by which Patrick O'Brian hoes corn and cabbages, and Heenan pummels his pugilistic opponent, Doré and Meissonier paint their beautiful pictures, Liszt and Gottschalk trill upon the piano, and Ole Bull educes rarest music from the violin."

Here I am called away to observe the cunning antics of the monkey, and lose sight of my friend and his eloquence.

THETA PSI.

BLIND-BRIDLES.

THE check-rein is not the only objectionable part of a bridle. Blinds, although a lesser evil, are, as a rule, quite as objectionable. The horse should be treated as a reasoning animal. When a colt is first harnessed its fear is very greatly excited. The feeling of the harness is new, the sights and sounds are all new, and tend to alarm the poor leather-bound beast. If in addition you blindfold him to all directions except the straightforward, you increase his terror four-fold. He hears the rattle of the wagon and many other sounds which are incomprehensible. He catches glimpses of passing objects, and fears that in some way he is going to be hurt. Now substitute for the bridle with blinds one without blinds, and see how much his nervousness and terror will abate. His eyes assure him that nothing is coming at him in a way to injure him, and he becomes quite docile. I would make it an invariable rule not to put blinds on a young horse. The reason given for using blinds are that they make a horse look better, and that they prevent his springing forward when he sees the whip rising for a blow. Now I will admit that a poor old crow-bait of a horse looks better when put inside of a nice harness with blinds on, as the bridle covers up his watery, sunken eyes.

But the less you have on a well formed head the better for looks, whether animal or human. The comfort of an animal should be attained if it can be done by merely sacrificing looks. The second reason has no force except in one case—that of a four-horse team where you are obliged to use a whip on the leaders. In such a case it might be necessary to put blinds on the wheel-horses; But even in this case a little patient teaching would soon overcome all difficulty.

A team without blinds jumps no worse at the sight of a rising whip than a blinded one does after being struck. The driver is always prepared for the jump when he strikes. Let him be prepared when he goes to raise his whip, and there will be no more difficulty in one case than in the other. But *never raise your whip without striking*. It is like parents threatening to punish children, and then not doing it. It results in lack of respect in either case, and leads to unnecessary difficulty. Mr. K., one of the oldest horsemen in the Community, became thoroughly convinced of the evils of blinds 25 years ago, and cut them from all his bridles, and has never seen cause to regret the action. In large cities, where sights and sounds are very numerous and various, the use of blinds is becoming unpopular, especially among teamsters who have to throw down their lines while loading and unloading. Experience is teaching them that their teams stand better, and are less liable to fright if they can see all around them.

In passing the distance of one block along a busy portion of Broadway, New York, the other day, I counted six magnificent draft teams with no blinds on the bridles; but in the country and country villages it is unusual to see a team without blinds on the bridles. If any one knows of advantages arising from using blinds which seem to outweigh the objections I have offered I should be happy to hear from him.

D. E. S.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The largest and most important of the fragments of the carved column dug up by Mr. Wood, at a depth of 23 feet on the supposed site of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, has been set up in the Græco-Roman room at the British Museum. It measures about 6 feet in height and 18½ feet in circumference, and it is supposed to have formed a portion of the first drum of one of the thirty-six Ionic carved columns which, with ninety-one others, supported and adorned the structure. Portions of the base and capital of the column were also found close by. On the side of the drum, which has sustained comparatively slight injury, there are five figures of considerable beauty, but all more or less mutilated. Of only two of these can the identity be determined, namely, the figures of Mercury and Victory. The former is perfect, with the exception of the face, which is slightly mutilated, and is regarded by competent judges as a work of considerable merit.—*Nature*.

COCKROACHES AS SCAVENGERS.

Cockroaches are regarded by the majority of housewives as unmitigated pests; and many schemes are tried for exterminating them. But it would seem, from an article published some weeks since in the *New York World*, that science is coming to their rescue, and showing them to be our friends. The *World* says that Dr. Birdsahl, well known in scientific circles by his toxicological researches in connection with the Asiatic cholera, has by patient investigation positively proved that flour paste, under favorable circumstances, will produce a fungoid growth of such virulence as to exaggerate that of the "degraded germinal matter" which Sextal professed to have encountered in the serum and tissues of cholera patients in India. He placed a piece of the intestinal membrane of a live rabbit under the microscope, and watched the development of the sporules as they were deposited upon the as yet living tissue, and the rapidity with which this mysterious and malign power reproduced itself when in contact with the blood was very startling. The amount of surface in New York city

covered every twenty-four hours with flour paste by the bill-posters is estimated to be 120,000 square yards, consuming 10,000 quarts of liquid paste daily. And by many and varied experiments Dr. Birdsall came to the conclusion that from the putrefaction of this paste arises an atmospheric fungi producing specific diseases of blood poisoning, with symptoms identical with those of cerebro-spinal meningitis, and the Doctor arrives at the startling conclusion that "a bill-board, all things being equal, is equivalent to the death of 300 people."

Some time since Professor Manning's letter to the *Microscopical Enquirer* was published, showing him to have been pursuing his inquiries in another direction. He was led by what he terms a curious "development" to the fact that the whole genus of orthopterous insects not only ate the fecundating matter above mentioned with avidity, but were impervious to its poison; and, what seems more remarkable, actually annihilated it by the digestive process. The most persistent search throughout the excrement of these insects failed to reveal a single spore.

The publication of this letter has brought to light a great deal of valuable information from other parties. Inquiries made in Paris by Stronin and in Berlin by Ehler show that the valuable character of the cockroach as scavenger and sanitary agent has been understood by the ignorant classes. Stronin says that in all those quarters of Paris where the paper and paste are accumulated the people encourage a multiplication of these insects, and even undertake to tame and breed them; and he attributes their immunity from cerebro-spinal meningitis and kindred diseases in great part to this fact.

A recent writer in the *North American Review*, states that the journeymen bakers of New York and other cities have long been aware of the preference which this insect has for putrescent farinaceous food. "The cellars where the work is done," he says, "swarm with these animals, and in one place occupied by Germans I found that the vessel in which they kept their yeast, and which was never covered from the air, for obvious reasons, was a favorite resort of the cockroaches. The yeast every morning was thick with them, and the workmen before using it were in the habit of carefully straining the animals out through a coarse sieve." The same writer says, "that such is the firm belief of certain bakers in the sanitary efficacy of the insect that they frequently insert it in the loaves themselves."

At a meeting of entomologists in Salem, Mass., some weeks since, a number of cockroach breeders were present on invitation, and a very interesting exhibition was made of insects. It was there shown that the English breed is superior to all others for scavenger purposes, and what is of no less importance, it was contended that the popular antipathy to the insect is groundless, the insect being harmless, and capable of the greatest affection for its keeper. D. E. S.

THE NEWS.

AMERICAN.

It is supposed that Mr. Sumner will decline the nomination to the Governorship of Massachusetts by the Liberals and Republicans.

General Crook has had a skirmish with 400 or 500 Indians of the Date Creek Reservation. One soldier and thirty Indians were killed.

Hon. Garret Davis, U. S. Senator from Kentucky, died on the 22d inst., at the age of 72. Thomas McCreary has been elected his successor.

Thirty-three years ago Dutchman trotted three miles in 7 m. 32½ s., which feat has not been equalled until Saturday, the 21st, when Huntress trotted three miles in 7 m. 21½ s., winning a special purse of \$1000 offered on condition that the time of Dutchman should be beaten.

About 150 farmers from Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey and New York, had a convention last week in New York city, to devise measures for supplying that city with good milk. It was stated that of the \$12,000,000 New York now pays annually for milk only \$3,000,000 goes to the farmers, and that of 500 samples of milk examined by Prof. Chandler 470 were adulterated.

A remarkable piece of furniture—the Universal

Bureau—a *multum in parvo*, has recently been patented by Mr. Herman Rocke, of New York. It contains in one handsome piece of furniture a wardrobe, book-case, bureau, a sliding table, mirror, sliding wash-stand, toilet-case, writing-case, writing table, folding bedstead, bed, bedding, mosquito frame and net, sliding boot-jack, and spittoon.

The *World* calls attention to the interesting fact that the American trotter is developing into not only the fastest horse in the world, but the handsomest as well. The old trotting horses were ugly in appearance; later specimens are almost uniformly beautiful. "In a few years, if our trotting stock keeps improving in appearance at the same rate of speed as in the last eight or ten years, the American trotter will compare very favorably with the famous Arabian steeds."

FOREIGN.

Crop prospects are reported as unfavorable in England.

M. Gambetta in a recent speech demanded the dissolution of the French National Assembly.

The removal of a Catholic priest in Geneva by the Swiss Government has caused considerable excitement.

The British Chancellor of the Exchequer says the award of the Geneva Tribunal will be paid without a murmur.

France paid to Germany on the 23d inst. 57,000,000 francs, which completed the fifth half milliard of the indemnity.

The Shah of Persia is expected to visit Europe next spring, for which event magnificent preparations are already making.

The anniversary of the occupation of Rome by the Italian people was celebrated on the 20th inst. with much enthusiasm.

The Czar has assured M. Thiers that nothing occurred in the imperial meeting at Berlin inimical to the interests of France.

An aid-de-camp of the Sultan has been despatched as a special messenger to Egypt, to present to the Viceroy a firman sanctioning his title of Khedive and making it hereditary.

The expenses of running the Lancashire cotton mills have so increased that it has been decided to reduce the number of hours of labor while the present high prices of coal are maintained.

King Johannez of Abyssinia has sent a messenger to England with letters for the Queen, asking the intervention of England against Egypt. The same messenger has letters for France, Russia and Germany.

Prince Oscar Frederick, Duke of Ostrogothie and eldest brother of Charles XV., was crowned King of Sweden and Norway on the 20th inst. The new King had held the posts of Lieutenant-General of the army and Vice-Admiral of the navy for several years, and is represented as a man of learning.

The Chinese Emperor refuses to receive any foreign ambassador unless he is willing to kneel and strike his forehead on the ground nine times; all the ambassadors refuse to thus humiliate themselves; and as the Chinese show no signs of yielding the point, it is not easy to see how the trouble will terminate.

The *Manchester Guardian* thinks there will be nothing unbecoming in England's being reminded, by the appearance of the cattle plague at this moment, of the accumulation of trials upon the head of Job. It adds: "With coal at rates never heard of before, the potato crop to a great extent destroyed, and a large part of the corn harvest still lying in a precarious condition on the ground, the householder finds himself face to face with another visitation which threatens to raise indefinitely the already extravagant price of butcher's meat."

Errata.—In the notes to the "Fortunes of Nigel" (in the article in No. 38 entitled "A Pinch of Scotch Snuff") for "Charles II." read "Charles I." In the notes to the "Heart of Midlothian" (same article) for "George III." read "George II."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Carpentersville, Ill., Sept., 1872.
EDITOR OF THE CIRCULAR:—Three years ago I had some tuberoses given me, but I do not succeed in making them blossom as

I wish. How do you treat your bulbs?

Respectfully,

S. I. R.

We take the bulbs out of the ground in the autumn, dry them, then put them in cloth or paper bags, and keep them in a dry place of moderate temperature until March, when they are potted in sandy loam mixed with muck, taking pains to place immediately around the bulbs a thin layer of river or lake sand, and to cover them three or four inches deep. They are transferred to the garden as soon as the earth is warm and dry.

To J. P. C., Union Bridge, Md.—We advise you to procure some of the pamphlets advertised in the next column, especially the "Hand-Book."

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History of American Socialisms. By John Humphrey Noyes. 678 pp. 8vo. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. London, Trubner & Co. Price \$3.00.

The Trapper's Guide; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals. By S. Newhouse. Third edition; with New Narratives and Illustrations. 215 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, \$2.00.

Dixon and His Copyists; a Criticism of the Accounts of the Oneida Community in "New America," "Spiritual wives," and kindred publications. By John Humphrey Noyes. Price, 25 cts.

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